Who is moſt inwa d with the noble Duke.
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know
Buc. Who I my Lo: we know each others faces: Ch is mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Haſtings you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace. I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation:
I haue not ſounded him nor he deliu d
His Graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
Which I preſume he will take in Gentle part.
Biſh. Now in good time here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Coſens all, good morrow, (*Ent. Glo.*
I haue beene long a ſleeper, but I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue been concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L: Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lo: Haſtings no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
Haſt. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My Lo: of Elie. *Biſh.* My Lo:
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne:
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.
Biſh. I go my Lord.
Glo. Coſen Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſines,
And findes the teſty Gentleman ſo hoat,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His Maſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: Ile follow you. *Ex Gl.*
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſodaine.

For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided, *Enter B.*
As els I would be, were the day prolonged. *of Ely.*
By. Where is my L. protector, I haue ſent for theſe ſtrawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day, (ries.
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his lookes.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay. *Enter Glocester.*
Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deſerue,
That doe conſpire my death with diueliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuailde
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lo: they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eies the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:
Glo. If thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done,
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat with Ha.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,